New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

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Finis

The treaty's defeat is a tragedy whose poignancy is intensified by the sordidness of the final scene. The country beholds the President wrecking a great undertaking for no better reason than because he was not allowed to ignore the Constitution. The country beholds him assisted by a group of Senators who became infected with his narrowness and thus were unable to lift themselves to levels of statesmanship.

The covenant, an ill-omened and a stilted word that savors of hypocrisy, was not a great document. But it related to a noble ideal, and at least was a gesture in favor of peace and a better ordered world. Americans will not be proud of the fact that for the first time in our national history we have not joined in an undertaking which pointed to better days.

But from the beginning there was little chance. The inefficiency and self-sufficiency of our only negotiator created a bedevilment whose waves never could be quieted. In the final hour, completing his disservice, he was able to command enough Senators to drive a knife into the heart of his own work.

The result must not be read as meaning that this country withdraws from the world in selfish isolation. Aloofness is impossible. This is more true now than when McKinley and Roosevelt first said it. Possibly—no one can foresee the future—the influence of this country for good will not be less because informally applied. But the wiser course seems to be to seize the first opportunity, likely to be offered in a little more than a year, to adhere to the league.

First Aid to Hamburg

The Marine Journal protests strongly against the scheme of using former German passenger liners and American cargo steamers for resuscitating the Hamburg-American Company's lost overseas service. Under this scheme, it is represented, American vessels would restore and maintain the Hamburg trade routes to the West Indies, Central and South America, Africa and the Orient until Germany builds ships and resumes her ocean-carrying activities.

The Hamburg-American Company was an aggressive and powerful propagandist in the cause of German world domination. It was a political as well as a commercial agency. It interfered in American legislation and politics, and its organization here was one of the principal centers of the German campaign of intimidation and terrorism conducted from 1914 to 1917 by von Bernstorff, von Papen, Boy-Ed and Albert. Its officers violated our neutrality laws and conspired to disable the German merchant ships interned in our ports.

Its hold on American trade has been broken. It has lost its immensely valuable port facilities here. But it is now proposed that American-owned carriers lend themselves temporarily to the work of putting Hamburg into connection with the United States, and of reopening its communications with the rest of the world.

There is no objection to establishing an American service between New York and Hamburg, operated for mutual benefit. But it is another thing to assign American ships to restore Hamburg's former trade with Latin America or with the Far East. We need first of all to establish our own lines to South America and to develop our own commerce there. Such lines, once in operation, would have a chance to become permanent, while we should undoubtedly be displaced as a carrier for Germany as soon as the Germans made good their merchant marine losses. For a temporary profit we might sacrifice the greater opportunity of developing our foreign carrying trade along broad American lines.

Traffic Buffoonery

As in almost everything that the present city administration achieves, the indictment lodged against the Third Deputy Police Commissioner combines farce with tragedy in equal proportions. Was ever stranger "neglect of official duty" charged against a public official, we wonder! The whole incident suggests a decadence of the police force for which memory must needs hark back to the days of the Lexow committee and District Attorney Jerome to parallel.

The tragedy for the people of New York is that so fine a body of men as the police force, brought to such a high state of discipline and morale under Commissioner Woods, should have been thus speedily undermined. The episode of the Police Commissioner accused by his own men has its comic side for the unconcerned onlooker; it can mean only danger and disgrace to the city. How far such an example can corrupt, how far corruption has already gone, is yet to be ascertained. The significance of the indictment, however, cannot be escaped. A long, uphill fight for a clean police force has been jeopardized.

No account of the buffoonery of the Hylan administration, from its head down, can blind New Yorkers to the fact that corruption has again lifted its head and that civic degradation, threatening the progress of a generation, is upon us.

Legalized Price Fixing Collusion

Albany reports the return, under another name, of the sinister Foley-Martin bill of a year ago. This bill was believed to be thoroughly killed. But the cat is back and needs another and more emphatic smash from a bootjack. The bill, amending the general business law, proposes to permit labor organizations to establish price fixing by employers. In the photo-engraving industry, for example, the union could enter into conspiracy with employers touching prices employers must charge customers. The employers, thus coerced into rifling the pockets of their customers as the union dictated, would, of course, be expected to divide with their employees. There would be no anti-trust prosecution, for the anti-trust laws would no longer apply to the unions.

It is scarcely necessary to point out the consequences if collusion were thus legalized. Whenever a combination of concerns deemed they needed more money they would incite their men to put price-fixing stipulations into their labor contracts, and the fruits of the raid on the public would be split.

The scheme would be capable of indefinite extension. Brickmakers, steelmakers, manufacturers and producers of all kinds could price-combine as they pleased by putting the schedule they wished for in wage contracts. What is proposed, therefore, is nothing less than authority to prey on the public according as appetite exists.

An attempt to camouflage this bill is made by presenting it as one to provide that labor shall not be deemed a commodity as to which there is reasonable basis for differences of opinion. But price fixing is the object of the bill, not the writing of a legal definition of labor. It represents the high water mark of attempts to get other people's property without working for it.

If the bill is considered at all it must be amended so as to prohibit price fixing; not wages, it is to be borne in mind, but prices of the articles sold to or the services performed for the public.

The Wilson-Borah Collaboration

A glance at the roll call by which the so-called Irish reservation was put through the Senate sufficiently attests the motives of those who voted in the affirmative.

The reservation was supported by a combination of Administration Democrats and Republican incorrigibles. These Democrats voted in November for unconditioned ratification. They have steadily advertised a willingness to vote for ratification again if all reservations were stripped away. The Irish reservation thus made no difference to them.

On the other hand, the Republican incorrigibles have made no secret of their purpose to vote against ratification, no matter what reservations were added. The Irish reservation thus made no more difference to them than to their Administration partners.

Not to serve Ireland, therefore, not to create machinery by which rights of self-determination can be vindicated, did Hitchcock and Borah vote together. The bond of their union was a common desire to defeat ratification. Both of these thought this would be easier if the Irish reservation were attached. And as to treaty matters, Senator Hitchcock is but an automaton for the President. So the President further reveals himself through his agent as a cold and implacable parricide.

But knowledge of the facts by the great body of Americans does not remove disagreeable thoughts. To satisfy unworthy personal feelings American Senators have been willing to indulge in conduct grossly insulting to friendly neighbors. Our conduct toward another has been such as we would not endure if applied against ourselves. The memory of every Union soldier who upheld the principle that some secessions could not occur is dishonored. The record is one Americans will like to forget and to have others forget.

The Optimistic Circus

The calendar and the solar system are certainly the acme of optimism in this particular winter of discontent. They are racing along and around as per timetable exactly as if glorious summer were just about to be made around the corner. And look out the window! Apparently the weather has forgottan all it ever learned of vernal equinoxes or summer solstices.

Only the circus, among human creations, seems to share this sidereal optimism. It is entraining for these parts on schedule exactly as if it were a crocus or an equinox, or some other equally fundamental cog of the cosmos. Camels, elephants, clowns, trapezes, popcorn it has assembled and marches forward without a misstep or a thought of hesitation. Rain, snow, ice, blizzards, goloshes, the influenza, blues are nothing in its young life. It steps out to victory as if victory were beyond debate, were a predestined attribute of circuses and spring, let March winds rave as they would.

We own to finding much consolation in this fact. Each last fall of snow has been one too many for our dispositions, our snow shovel, our hope of spring or of any decently warm thing ever again reappearing anywhere. The noise of the arriving circus is the most heartening thing we have met with. We are inclined to believe in it. We cannot see the vernal equinox approaching, and, for all we know, it may have been blown out of existence by the big guns. But the circus is visible, tangible, audible, inescapable, true stuff, beyond doubting. We bow to its cosmic foresight, we toss a hat in the air, and gladly, gratefully fall in behind its beating drums. *Allons, enfants!*

When Our Fleet Was Chained

Admiral Sims has shown that the Navy Department sent only six of our seventy-four destroyers to the other side when we went to war, and this after nearly a month's delay. Yet Josephus permitted, if he did not procure, Creel publications which sang of the great things the navy was doing.

But what about our battle fleet? It was held in Long Island Sound. The British fleet could keep the German fleet from getting out to the north; but the demands on both the British and French navies were so great that the Channel was inadequately blocked. So in July Admiral Sims asked that four of our thirty-five battleships be sent to close the Channel. This request, though indorsed by the Allied Naval Council, was ignored and denied until November, when Admiral Benson, upon arriving in London, at last acceded to it.

The Navy Department's dispatches, now in evidence, justify its refusal on curious grounds. In July, and after three months' consideration, the department cabled Admiral Sims an outline of its policy. It expressed "its willingness to send its minor fighting forces in any numbers not incompatible with home needs . . . [but] its unwillingness as a matter of policy to separate any division from the main fleet for service abroad, although it is willing to send the entire battleship fleet abroad . . . when the emergency is deemed to warrant it." Battleship reinforcements were to be withheld until after the emergency had occurred and the damage was done.

Two emergencies were conceivable: that the German battle fleet might sally forth, sink a number of Allied battleships and return to its base, or that after a successful engagement it might reach the open sea. If a raid had occurred and the Allied fleets had suffered losses, as was to be expected, then the reinforcements required from us must have been larger; if the German fleet had broken through, the impounded American fleet would have faced the Germans alone. One doesn't have to be an expert in naval strategy to see it would have been safer for all had we added our battle fleet to the others and thus made any attempt at a sally evidently suicidal. Yet Secretary Daniels and Admiral Benson withheld vital and easily-to-be-supplied reinforcements for many critical months. Why?

It has been established that our fleet was not even approximately ready when we declared war—after over two years of warning. Nor had the Navy Department any matured war plan. The Navy Department drifted and bungled, and we seem likely to go down in history as having refused to give our allies reinforcements which we had and could have spared. The navy heads either didn't have intelligence enough to act properly or the department was controlled by influences whose nature is not as yet entirely clear. But there is a clew.

The Navy Department cabled Admiral Sims on July 10, 1917, that "while a successful termination of the present war must always be the first *Allied* aim, and will probably result in diminished tension throughout the world, the future position of the United States must in no way be jeopardized by any disintegration of our main fighting fleet."

This dispatch sharply differentiates the United States from our allies. It boldly indicates that, instead of coöperating wholeheartedly for the prompt defeat of a common enemy, we were to conserve our main fighting fleet intact for postbellum conditions. What were the conditions so impelling that we took the risk of withholding support from our "associates," took the risk of a German victory, for reasons reaching beyond the end of the war?

Pulling Hen Teeth

Or Why Teachers Turn From School Boards to Albany

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I read in this morning's Tribune that there is a strong sentiment among legislators in favor of leaving increases in teachers' salaries to local authorities. Now, every one knows that, as a rule, it is like pulling hen teeth to get an increase of salary out of any local school board, whether rural or urban.

What about the Board of Education and the Board of Estimate of the City of New York? "By their fruits ye shall know them." This teacher shortage is nothing new. It is simply an old matter grown worse. In this school, for instance, there were but four days from September, 1918, until May, 1919, when there were not classes without either teachers or substitutes, and the total number of such classes during the year was 658, with a register aggregating 26,000. What did the "local authorities" do? The simple sum of nothing. For over a year they let the pay of substitutes stand at the pitiful sum of $3 a day, though a washerwoman's wage had risen to $3.10, with two meals. In November, 1919, the pay was advanced to $4 a day, but washerwomen were then demanding $4.10.

Why do we teachers turn to Albany for help? Because, judging from the past, we see over the portals of the Board of Education and the Board of Estimate the inscription, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

HUGH C. LAUGHLIN,
Principal, P. S. 32, the Bronx.
New York, March 18, 1920.

It Can't Be Done!

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Why should your correspondent choose to discourse in defense of booze or any alcoholic drink at this late date and waste his ink?

When thirty-six states ratified our new amendment Satan sighed, and mournful all his cohorts grew. The brewers and distillers knew that from these shores they must depart or in some lawful business start within one year.

Now that it's rolled around the profiteers who sold and bought wet wares and piled up coin with more or less reluctance join the ranks of honest toilers—these, with all their former employees, their customers, their landlords, too, their fellow townsmen—daily do their loyal best. They want to try to love their country, wet or dry.

'Tis plain she has gone dry to stay;
'tis vain to bet the other way. For
every lawyer earning fees by making
highly polished pleas and every literary hack who seeks with words to
bring rum back knows in his heart it
can't be done as long as American
rivers run down hill, and the flag
waves o'er our schools and in thirteen
states a majority rules. H. E. K.

New York, March 18, 1919.

Light at Last!

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: May I call the attention of servantless housekeepers to the fact, recorded in The Tribune of March 16, that the Acting Commissioner of Immigration, Byron H. Uhl, says that the contract labor law affecting immigration lays no embargo on "professional actors, artists, lecturers, singers, nurses, ministers of religious denominations, professors for colleges or seminaries, persons belonging to any recognized learned profession, or persons employed as 'domestic servants'?"

Many families in Europe who once employed a staff of servants can no longer do so, and there are plenty of servants to spare. The question is now how to make the connection between the servantless American housekeeper and the jobless European servant.

But light is beginning to shine on what seemed an almost hopelessly dark situation. K. A. M.

Ossining, N. Y., March 17, 1920.

Tragic News From Newbury

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: For fear that our "wet" friends will be kidding themselves over the news from Newbury, Mass., I am making this explanation of the recent vote of 51 wet, 45 dry. Last year, as you state, the vote was 50 wet, 74 dry.

This year, in order to demonstrate to the country that an aroused public opinion is asserting itself, the fifty indignant damp voters of Newbury were gathered up and marched to the polls in a body. On the way a New Yorker, who had recently moved into town was picked up and taken along. Forty-five of the seventy-four voters remained at home to laugh at the spectacle of fifty-one serious and sober Newburians butting their heads against the Constitution of the United States, the American Congress and the assemblies and senates of most of the forty-eight states.

How do I know? Wasn't I there?

J. B.

New York, March 18, 1920.

The Conning Tower

A Letter of Commiseration to Lizzie

("And I may say," added the Senator, "that I regard the Ford automobile as an international pest. It destroys more useful material than any other sinkhole in the world. It is a waste of time and substance."—On the Floor of the Senate.)

When Sherman of the Senate talked at length
about your father,
The world at large, which knows your dad,
his weaknesses and such,
Passed on to read the other news;—in short,
it didn't bother,
Because it knows the Senate shows a wisdom
far from much.

The Peepul in this land we love have got
your father's number.
And so when Shermie said his piece, they
shrugged—it wasn't new.
But when he had that nightmare in his senatorial slumber
He spilled a lot of addled rot whenas he
slandered you.

But do not weep, my Liz, those tears, his
names'll never hurt you,
A guy like that can't harm you with the verbiage he's flung.
For while your countenance betrays no paint
to mar your virtue,
What though your shape be made the jape
of every idle tongue?

Let Senate simps defame you, Kid, and damn
your works with punning,
For though you lack a lot of what I'd look
for in a car,
Your Million-some constituents insist *you'll*
still be running
Whenas with Sherman's final term he gets
the Gates Ajar.

MONTE.

According to where you sit, the news that one hundred radicals held for deportation have been freed by the Department of Labor is either a triumph for democracy or a blow at Americanism. Our own opinion is that it really doesn't matter, matter, matter, matter, matter.

Emerson has said: "Next to the man who first voices a great truth is the man who quotes it."—Dr. Berthold A. Baer.

Still, we'll bet the doctor would like to find the man who first voiced "Omit flowers."

The Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys

March 17—At my scrivening till four in the afternoon, more hurriedly than I like, and to the train to meet my wife, who seems well and in a merry mood; so with her to Mistress Lola's for dinner, and found there J. Street and Ada, who tell me they are going to Japan next month.

18—Beat B. Hooker this day at pool, though by what rare good fortune I do not know. So to my office, and did some work, and Mistress Sylvia sat by me the while, not bothering me at all, and W. Waldron to see me, so to tea with Neysa and A. McKeogh and Dorothy Conry, whom I have not seen in near three years, and I had no tea, but a beaker of chocolate; and home, late to dinner, but my wife not out with me for that, and found H. Ross and J. Winterich there, and we talked of the brave days in Paris and other things.

19—To the dentist's, a long time, and to the office, F. Keppel to see me, looking very handsome in a new brown suit. Finished my stint, but gazing out at the snow most of the afternoon, and so to the show of the Dutch Treat Club in the evening.

The "parodists" of Gilbert are as lazy and incompetent, as a rule, as the "adapters" of "In Flanders Fields" who don't pay the original even the respect of writing a rondeau. In Reedy's Mirror Anne Higginson Spicer "parodies" "The Heavy Dragoon," with its trisyllabic rhymes. She weds "troglodyte" with "Mazda light."

Call Columbus 8200

Sir: A year or so ago I wrote a little song all by myself and called it "Smilin' Through." It took root and blossomed into a fragrant flower that has been much worn and sung. Somebody came along with a dramatic watering pot and the song-flower developed into a Jane Cowl play of the same name. This is all very well and good and would be still better if my pocketbook in consequence bulged as much as my head. But now comes a Doctor of Mortality and rudely plucks a petal or two from this horticultural, lyrical, musical and dramatic triumph, and uses my tender title in newspaper ads for the apparent purpose of luring corpses to his place of business. I protest violently. I never wrote "Smilin' Through" for the glory and profit of undertakers. I am aware they will get me yet, but is that a reason why they should appropriate my pretty brain-child without even compensating me by commissioning me to compose 'em a Dead March?

ARTHUR A. PENN.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt entertained General Pershing at dinner last evening at their residence, 640 Fifth Avenue.—The Times, March 18.

Washington.—General John J. Pershing was the guest of honor last evening of Mrs. Cromwell Brooks at a dinner of twenty, followed by dancing.—The Times, March 18.

Considerable rapid travel necessary in the military service, we'll asseverate to this planet.

"I do not want a divorce," says Mrs. Charles Chaplin, "neither do I want Mr. Chaplin's money." But the lawyers have a persuading way, and they may convince the Little Woman that she ought to have both.

A friend in New York City, whom the Drifter suspects is a pessimist . . .—The Drifter, in the Nation.

Perhaps the Drifter's friend is Cyril.

Speaking of non sequitur, "He was an ardent prohibitionist," says a recent obit, "and leaves a wife and two daughters."

A truly imaginative poet might write a lyric explaining how self-conscious and ashamed a flower feels that wins only a second prize at the show.

If we owned a newspaper one of the first things we'd do (and therefore, probably, the next to the last thing) would be to charge the milk profiteers $2 an agate line for their advertisements.

The vilest profiteers, of course, are those who traffic in the milk of h. k.

F. P. A.

THE PRESCRIPTION THAT WENT ASTRAY

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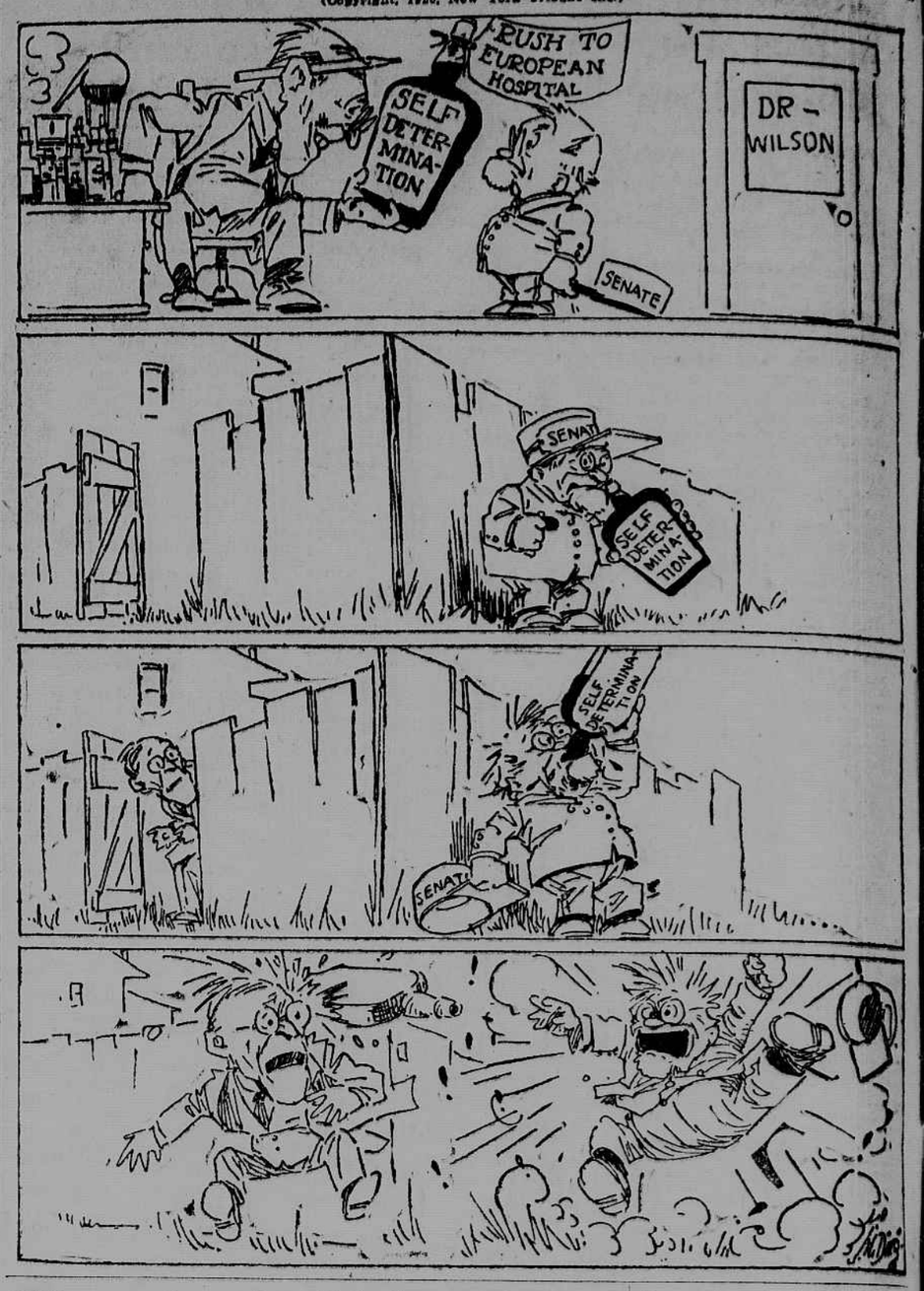

The Attack Upon Poland

By Frank H. Simonds

The latest Bolshevist attack upon Poland is the logical and inevitable consequence of Anglo-American policy pursued in the east of Europe at and since the Paris Conference. It is the result of an effort to apply rigidly and unintelligently that principle of self-determination which in the west of Europe we have not applied with anything like the same rigidity. Underlying all else has been the notion that if only the Poles were restricted to the narrowest possible areas, to those areas in which the majority were Poles (and even where the majority were Poles plebiscites were provided on the smallest excuse), neither Germany nor Russia would ever again attack the Polish people.

But the Poles, on their side, with the menace of Bolshevism in front of them, have sought, frequently with Allied approval, hastily given and later with equal haste withdrawn, to occupy an area in which the population is at least Polish in part and in all of which Poland ruled before the notorious partitions, and thus to prevent the arrival of the enemy at the center of their own territories.

The Allies and the Rhine

In the case of the Germans, conquered and held in complete subjection by reason of the threat of the blockade, we have authorized the French and the Belgians, reinforced by British and American contingents, to give the thing the color of an Allied operation; to occupy the left bank of the Rhine and also certain bridgeheads across the Rhine for a period of years. But we have denied the Poles any such protection.

To-day the Bolshevists have concentrated some 850,000 troops on the Polish frontier with the avowed purpose of invading Poland and breaking down the Polish state, which stands between Russia and the chaos of the middle of Europe, and in the face of this menace the Western world, British and American, has been redoubling its demand that the Poles should retire from the debatable districts, thus bringing the enemy to their very doors, on the chance that, thus mollified, the Bolshevists would stop and make peace.

It is an odd circumstance how short memories are. Exactly this course was pursued by the French in July, 1914, when French armies were ordered not to approach within ten kilometers of the German frontier in the tense days before war was declared, to avoid giving Germany any offense. Yet the consequence of this policy was not the preservation of peace, but the occupation by Germany, throughout the war, of the Briey iron district, almost invaluable as a source of raw material. At the very least France could have put these mines out of commission, with evil consequences for the enemy.

The Old Frontier

We and the British have drawn an arbitrary line on the east side of the old Russian Poland and declared this to be the future Polish frontier. It bears no relation to the lines of communication or to strategic circumstances which are of utmost importance, at least until it becomes clear whether the Bolshevists mean to make peace or war. This frontier is scores of miles inside the frontiers of Poland not merely before the partition of 1772, but also of that of 1793.

In addition we have denied the Poles actual control of their single port of Danzig, we have insisted upon plebiscites in Upper Silesia, where the population is undeniably Polish, and we have permitted the Germans many months in which to carry on a policy of terrorization in these regions as a preparation for the consultation of the free will of the inhabitants; we have ordered plebiscites in East Prussia, where the people are Slav beyond debate, and we have denied the Poles control of the main Danzig-Warsaw railway.

Wilson's Line

But while we have done this we have consented, through the President, to drawing the "Wilson Line" in the Tyrol and in the hinterland of Trieste in such fashion as to put under Italian rule, against the will of the populations, 250,000 Germans and upward of 500,000 Slovenians. We have, then, conceded the legitimacy of Italian strategic necessities, but denied them to the Poles, although the Poles face a common enemy, while no immediate danger threatens the Italians.

The doctrine of self-determination, not accepted in the least by the British or the American nation, so far as their own territories are concerned, is being applied in the east of Europe in such fashion as to insure new wars and new world disturbances. One can imagine the enthusiasm our ancestors would have shown had the peace which at last gave us freedom been hedged about by provisions for the self-determination of the North American Indian in the hinterland of the new country. One can imagine what our grandfathers would have felt had the territory taken from Mexico, after the Mexican War, been subjected to a plebiscite in which the voters would have been, in a majority, the scattered Spanish and half breed populations.

A Base for Bolshevism

Now between the "Wilson Line" at the Bug and the old Polish frontier of 1793, before the Second Partition, laying aside the Lithuanian regions, there is a debatable land, war swept and inhabited by mixed races, in which the Polish, concededly in the minority, is still the ruling and the educated class. Without this land Poland is doomed to ultimate destruction, to be ground to pieces between the German and Russian millstones. And if the Poles are now compelled to evacuate this region it will serve as the base for immediate Bolshevist attacks.

Certainly no American interest is served in the extinction of Poland, no American end is advanced by opening the road for Bolshevism, or for Russian nationalism to return to Warsaw. If sentimental considerations no longer have material weight, still it is worth recalling that in the American Revolution Poles played a distinguished and useful part. All of which may not be an argument for our supporting Poland by arms, but is it not a reason for preferring not to interfere in Poland, to the ruin of the new nation?

At all events Americans should understand that American policy, with British, explains the newest Bolshevist invasion of Poland.

Parades and Paraders

A Protest Against Sinn Feiners on Fifth Avenue

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: This letter, which you may see fit to give space in your columns, is written with the idea of voicing several protests:

1. One, which I can only mention, a discussion of it would be so lengthy, is against the insult to our own soldiers and those of Great Britain and France which a Sinn Fein parade on St. Patrick's Day constitutes. Does no one remember that Sinn Fein made an active alliance with Germany during the war, and while France was fighting for her life at Verdun, attempted to stab the Allies in the back by a revolution in Ireland?

2. My second protest is against parades on Fifth Avenue, and the way they are conducted. Why should the Irish or any group of people, blockade one of the principal thoroughfares of the metropolis, upset traffic, keep people from going about their business and disturb business concerns on Fifth Avenue all afternoon?

3. I cannot see by what right officials make regulations that persons wishing to cross the street should not do so. It was imperative yesterday afternoon that I should cross Fifth Avenue at Forty-third Street before the parade started. I heard one man expostulating with a policeman that he had to get across, and I saw the argument was of no avail. Two policemen grabbed me by the arm as I tried to get by them. When they let go I walked across the street. I understand the police are collecting protests against this regulation.

Then when I had managed to get across, the street was so crowded that I was driven to the east side of Madison Avenue before I could find room to walk with any comfort. When I got back to my office I was annoyed all afternoon by the noise.

There was ample reason for Liberty Loan parades and other national parades, and one was willing to undergo a few hardships, but for any group of people, such as the Irish yesterday, to upset everything in one section of the city is an imposition on our traditional good nature.

Some one has before suggested Riverside Drive as a possibility for parades. It seems an excellent idea to take the noise and crowd away from a business street.

Am I alone in feeling that the St. Patrick's Day parade being turned into a Sinn Fein demonstration is an outrage? O. M. L.

New York, March 18, 1920.

Psychologically Akin

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The most illuminating summary of the German attitude toward the world was well expressed by Woodrow Wilson when he said: "Germany is not content with success by superior achievement; she wants success by authority." After reading your editorial to-day, headed "Not Acceptable, W. W.," the above sentence flashed through my mind, and I sadly realized it was not alone in Germany that "superior achievement" was wrecked by the egotism which prevents a man from seeing a great cause apart from his own personality. A kaiser ruling the world according to his divine authority and a president dictating his terms according to his own authority are psychologically not far apart. C. S. SPENCER.

Newport, R. I., March 17, 1920.